The Sketch

No. 2564—Vol. CXCVII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

THE PRINCESSES AS A "GAINSBOROUGH."

T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRINCESS MARGARET, *and a cast of twenty village schoolchildren, gave a first-rate performance of "The Sleeping Beauty" as their Christmas charity pantomime. The King and Queen watched their daughters in an audience which included villagers and troops from the district. This "Gainsborough" portrait—the most charming yet—shows how grown-up their Royal Highnesses are becoming.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.]

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Too Much of a Good Thing. One of the good resolutions which we must undoubtedly make this New Year is to marry fewer wives. Matrimonial multiplicity is becoming a national problem. It is overworking the courts and the prisons. It may have been all right for King Solomon, but we are not all King Solomons, either in wisdom or in the expansiveness of our affections. In the last year of the last war, nearly a thousand cases of bigamy were tried. It looks as if, in this war, Hymen was easily going to get more than her thousand runs for the season. All our Judges are deeply concerned. One of them commented the other day on the " very curious doctrine " that if a man makes his spouse's life unbearable by his ill-treatment, and then runs off and purports to marry somebody else, the wife is really the gainer by the transaction, and the bigamy " is not so bad after all." An ingenious manner of solving domestic problems, but not, perhaps, more ingenious than some others to which our matrimonial law drives spouses who cannot live in amity. But it won't do. " One at a time " is the basis of our law of wedlock. Two at a time means judicial separation, in a place of safety, from *both* yearning wives. It's not worth it.

"And do those letters U.S. stand for anything besides Utility Suit?"

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

The Husband's Magna Carta.

At least, it is not usually worth it. There may be cases in which a cell is the only haven of refuge. But it is not now necessary to go to such lengths in order to escape domestic loquacity. After all, Xanthippe was not the *only* reason why Socrates drank the hemlock. He was a bit of a conversationalist himself. Recently there has been an epoch-making decision in our law. The hen-pecked husband has at last come into his own. It has been held that nagging is a form of mental cruelty, and a husband has obtained a divorce on that ground. The Book of Proverbs tells us that a contentious woman is like a continual dropping on a house-top. The learned Judge adopted a similar figure of speech. " One knows," he said, " that dropping water wears the stone. Constant nagging will become completely intolerable ; . . . it may be of such a kind, and so constant, that it endangers the health of the spouse on whom it is inflicted." Those who contemplate bigamy, and who have forgotten Mr. Punch's Advice to Those about to Marry, will do well to weigh these words.

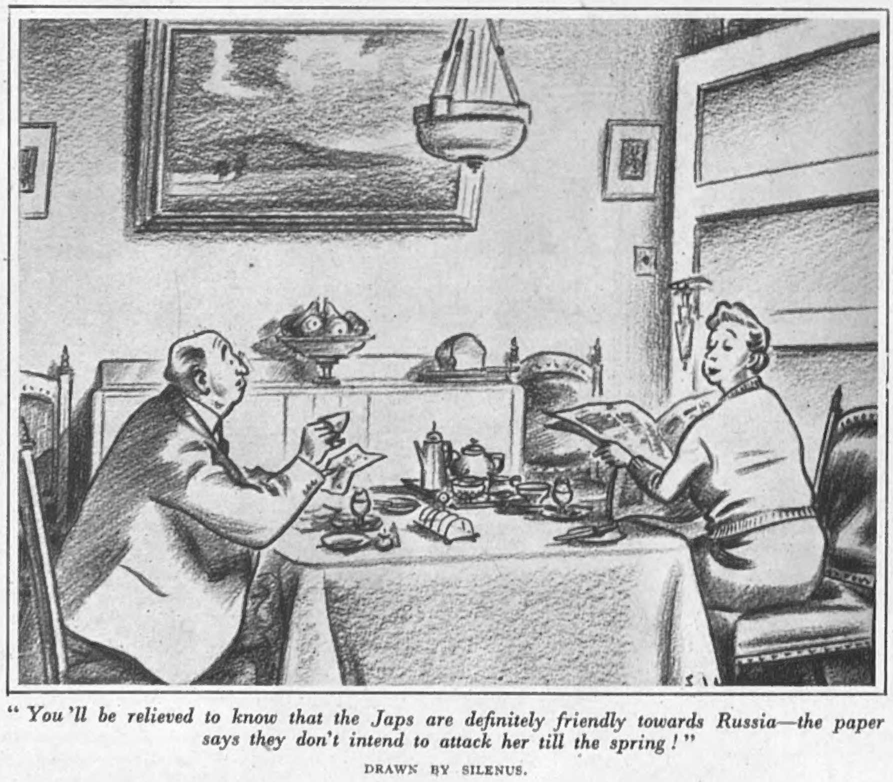
Goose and Gander. This Magna Carta of the Hen-pecked is all the more timely because, with the march of civilisation, the law has gradually stripped the husband of all other defences. There is a person still known in our law as a " common scold." Shakespeare (who is reputed to have written with feeling on the subject) called her a shrew, and suggested somewhat crude ways of taming her; but the popular method was even cruder—it was the ducking-stool. It must have been effective ; for there is nothing like cold water to cure garrulity. Once upon a time, also, the law recognised the husband's right of " moderate chastisement " ; but nowadays it is apt to land him in the police-court. Thus he must fall back on a complaint to the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division that his wife is treating him cruelly—a humiliating experience, no doubt, for a husband with any Cave Man stuff in him ; but, after all, what is mental cruelty for the goose is mental cruelty for the gander. And, in justice to both sexes, let us adhere strictly to that principle. We hear much about nagging wives, but not so much about nagging husbands. There are plenty of them, however, and they can be " dropping water " too.

" Hyah, Butch ! "

DRAWN BY BOAST.

Planned Sex.

The Terror of the Wagging Tongue, then, need not discourage matrimony and let us not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments—of speech, or any other. Indeed, short of stimulating the bigamy wave, we simply must not admit impediments, because all the experts say that, if we do, in another few hundred years there will be nobody left on these islands except a doddering Robinson Crusoe and a decrepit Man Friday. And it won't be any use offering Crusoe



" You'll be relieved to know that the Japs are definitely friendly towards Russia—the paper says they don't intend to attack her till the spring ! "

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

family allowances. "More and better babies" is the cry. But now there is a new complication. A distinguished scientist (if the adjective is not superfluous) claims to have solved the mystery of the chromosomes and the genes, and predicts that before long you will be able to order boy or girl, at will. The possibilities of domestic dissension, not to say mental cruelty, which this opens up are appalling. What couple will ever agree on such a burning question? There *was* a time when people were anxious about an "heir"; but of course nobody bothers about that nowadays, because very soon there will be nothing to be heir to, except the sur-tax. George Ade has a parable of that similar domestic crisis known as naming the baby: "I wanted to call him John, and the wife wanted to call him George; *so we compromised*, and called him George." I fancy that there will be a good many compromises of that kind in this matter of sex determination, according to who is superior in "dropping-water" tactics. It will be simpler in the long run to let Nature manage the chromosomes and genes in her own way. She has had a good deal of experience at it.

Gin and Sin.

With pain and grief I observe that South Africa, a land flowing with grape-juice, is determined to make sad the heart of man. It seems, indeed, to be out-pussyfooting the other Dominions. In most parts of Canada, if you want to offer a guest a drink in a hotel, you have, first of all, to get a licence, then go to a Government store and buy a bottle in person, then hire a bedroom in which to be convivial. The performance is as lugubrious as it is ridiculous. I am told that in Australia some similar kind of flummery is necessary after 6 p.m. And now, in South Africa, where one has happy memories of *vin du pays*, Cape Smoke and home-made Van der Hum, Night Must Fall at 10 p.m.—and worse than night, for you cannot offer a drink to a guest even in your own house. "A wife," I read, "will be breaking the law if she pours out a pint of beer for her husband" after 10 p.m. We have heard a good deal lately about "de-imperialising" the Empire—ask Mr. Wendell Willkie; it seems hardly necessary to dehydrate it as well. Against this kind of fantastic poppycock, I fall back on the wise old Clerihew:

Doctor Clifford
And I have differed;
He disapproves of gin,
I disapprove of sin.

And I am now going to have a spot of sin and Angostura before dinner.

There Are Ladies Present.

Suitably reinforced, I return to the muttons. I was about to observe that we live in a paradoxical age, where nothing is but what is not. In some ways we become looser and looser, and in other ways tighter and tighter. (Now, just restrain that tendency to facetiousness.) A guy can't even chew without running into trouble. A doughboy tried it before the beaks the other day, and was remitted to the military authorities for a disciplinary offence. And yet, how unjust are the discriminations of this world! A simple soldier cannot chew gum in court, but a Member of Congress (so I learn) can chew (or eat) a cigar during session, provided that he does not attempt to light it. We must be terribly careful about our language, too; that austere *censor morum*, the Hays Office of Hollywood, has sternly forbidden Mr. Noel Coward's naval ratings to apply a certain word to the *Luftwaffe*. It is, by the way, not the word you are thinking of; *that* one may have been bright scarlet in the days of Eliza Doolittle, but it is only salmon-pink now, a commonplace in every drawing-room. No, this forbidden word is genealogical; it has not yet penetrated to polite circles—but give it time, give it time!

"And it ends very happily—he realises that she simply wasn't worth troubling about!"

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

Psense and Psychology.

With one thing and another, I do not wonder that Professor Joad says: "Whenever I look inside myself, I am afraid." I am afraid, too; sometimes it is my liver, and sometimes it is my conscience, which makes me afraid. There are ways of dealing with the former, but none of dealing with the latter—except, perhaps, psychology. After looking inside myself, and doubting whether I am fit to live in this world where it is so difficult not to be a criminal or a moral leper, I have often thought of being psycho-analysed. It was therefore with a horrid shock that I read that a certain Alderman—yes, no less!—had stated publicly that child-psychology was "boloney." This is terrible. We all know that History is Bunk, but must we now add that Psychology is Boloney?

[Continued overleaf.

SAVE YOUR PAPER FOR MUNITIONS. DON'T SLOW DOWN!

Continued.]

Does the Alderman realise that every private soldier is now psycho-analysed in order to determine whether his I.Q. fits him for butching, baking or candlestick-making? One of these days the War Office itself will be psycho-analysed, and *then*! One is tempted to relapse into the deplorable scepticism of the cynic who wrote:

So you 're for the psychologist?
Your little Ego 's queer?
It seems to me you need a good
Psmackbottomist, my dear!

Superhuman or Subhuman? How is the Brave New World going to get on without psychology? I look forward to a time when we shall have not only an Economic General Staff to manage all our finances for us, but a National Psychological Council to control all our minds for us. It is a heartening thought for the New Year. It makes me want to sing and dance—though the superficial observer who did not know me very well might interpret my behaviourism as shrieks and convulsions. Truth to tell, if psychology can be interpreted to mean an understanding of human nature (which is, of course, an arguable point), it has sometimes occurred to me that it might be a useful addition to the plans of some of our planners. I go farther, for I have a haunting suspicion that, among their all-embracing calculations, this is one factor which is constantly overlooked. But we must not ask too much, and it would, I suppose, be unreasonable to expect economists, statisticians, or even psychologists, to be *human*.

"My dear, I look perfectly smashing in my uniform—why, even now several old boys are outside this 'phone-box admiring it!"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Getting a Move On. Anyhow, the pace at which the Brave New World develops—though, most inconsiderately, temporarily checked by this tiresome necessity of winning the war by land sea and air—takes my breath away. I read of great ships being built in six weeks, and of houses being "fabricated" at the rate of 78 minutes per house. I do hope that in the Post-War Paradise this electrical speed can be applied to matters like getting a watch repaired, getting a suit of clothes pressed, or getting the laundry back from the wash—trivial things, no doubt, as compared with Freedom from Want and Fear, but not unimportant in the life of the individual. And then, of course, there is the sordid question of cost. There are, to take one trifling example, the ruins that Hitler knocked abaht a bit—and which, possibly, he will knock abaht a bit more, if he finds leisure from his other preoccupations. I observe that one expert calculates that it will cost some eight hundred millions per annum for ten years to knock them together again. It seems to me a tidy sum, but I dare say it is a mere bagatelle to the Economic General Staff. I admit that I am not very good at thinking in hundreds and thousands of millions. It is all I can do to think in terms of my income-tax assessment; but I am not going to cast a shadow on your Happy New Year by dwelling on *that* macabre subject.

A HEAVY A.-A. REGIMENT *was going through a really thorough pursuit course when our artist arrived on the scene. All ranks take part in these exercises; conditions are as near those of real warfare as can possibly be conceived; and everyone is fighting fit in spite of or because of it all!*

DRAWN BY FRED MAY.

Daily Bread. Another little matter is food. It is not quite clear to me how, with the bill for Social Security, Reconstruction, National Debt, and other trifling claims on the Exchequer, we are going to buy enough food abroad to keep us all up to weight. But here again I yield to the pundits, and I see that they have already decided that we are to have, for an indefinite time, food rationing, clothes rationing, price control and employment control. All very necessary, I doubt not—indeed, inevitable—though I am not sure that they make the Brave New World any braver; but I am a little perturbed by the proposal of a Domestic Servant Corps. The idea is, I understand, that you indent on the central office for a Cook, General Service, Mark II., Household, for use of, and you take what you are sent. This will make Professor Joad and myself more than ever afraid to look inside ourselves.

An Ill Wind.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and has been very rude to the attackers of Stalingrad. It blew into their faces, as long columns of them were marched away captive, clouds of pamphlets calling on the Russians to surrender to the invincible *Wehrmacht*. The French have their own way of expressing it. He who spits at the wind, they say, spits in his own face.

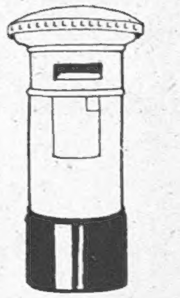
The fifty-third of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"TO PUT IT IN PLAIN ENGLISH, BABY, I'M NUTS ABOUT YOU!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Our Special Constables are being made to do a lot of extra work just now. Poor Colonel Simpkins seems to be continually on duty in the Street. When I asked him whether there had been a sudden wave of crime in the place he sighed and said No, it was a new order from Headquarters.

The other day Mrs. Whinebite stopped me outside the Butcher's and began telling me a long story about her rabbits. I just said "Good gracious!" from time to time, which is a pretty safe remark to make about rabbits, the pornographic details of whose lives have long ceased to interest me, and all the time I watched Colonel Simpkins, who was on duty at the cross-roads outside the Post Office. After waving on two bicycles and a tricycle, he held up a perambulator while he helped old Mrs. Cardew across the road. Then he helped the perambulator across. After that there was a long period of inactivity, while a gust of bitter East Wind whistled down the street and flapped the Colonel's greatcoat about his legs.

"... Began telling me a long story about her rabbits."

I felt most terribly sorry for him, and decided that as soon as I could escape from Mrs. Whinebite I would go to the Café on the other side of the road and buy him a nice cup of hot coffee.

"So you see, Henrietta," said Mrs. Whinebite, picking up her basket, "you can't believe everything you read in *The Hutch*."

"You certainly can't," I said. "In future I think you would be wise to rely on your own judgment. To a country woman born and bred like yourself——"

"But Henrietta, I was born in Nottingham."

"Some people," I said firmly, "are country women *wherever* they are born."

"I'm so glad you think that," said Mrs. Whinebite, and she squeezed my hand.

Considerably elated by this interview, for it is not often that I say the right thing to Mrs. Whinebite, I crossed the road to the Café. "I'm just going to get a cup of hot coffee for Colonel Simpkins," I said smugly to Mrs. Savernack, who was coming out with her Saturday Cake.

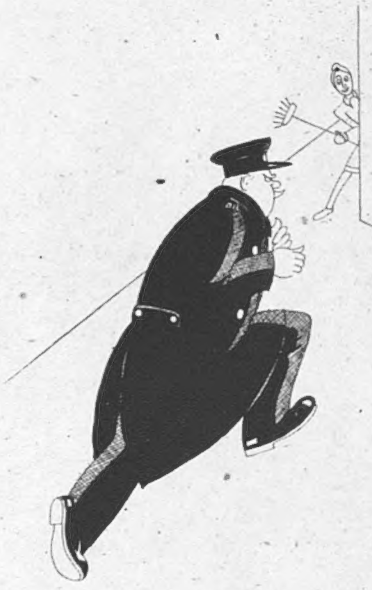
"My good fool," said Mrs. Savernack, "you can't give coffee to a policeman on duty. He'd be dismissed from the Force."

"Would he?" I said.

I do wish Mrs. Savernack wouldn't call me her good fool, but I'm afraid she always will. However, I was determined to do something for poor Colonel Simpkins, so I crossed the road again and stole a broom from outside the ironmonger's on the corner.

It was quite easy, and I thought my little joke would relieve the monotony of his beat. But unfortunately he wasn't looking, so I put two fingers in my mouth and emitted a shrill whistle. This, as you may remember, Robert, is one of my few accomplishments, though Charles won't let me do it often, because he says it destroys the drums of his ears. Everybody in the Street turned round, and I slunk round the corner in a thief-like manner, and down a little lane which runs behind the shops.

I had only gone a short way, when I heard the thud of running feet. Dear Old Boy! How he was entering into the fun of the thing! Well, I'd do what I could to get his circulation going, so I jumped a small stream, took a short cut through the Admiral's garden, and ran up one road and down another. All the time I could hear Colonel Simpkins puffing and shouting at my heels.



"How he was entering into the fun of the thing!"

Rushing round a corner I nearly bumped into Lady B. "My dear Henrietta!" she said. "What *are* you doing?"

"Being chased by the Police!" I cried, waving my broom at her, and slipped into Charles's Surgery, where I hid under the Secretary's table.

The Secretary seemed surprised, but asked no questions, and after giving Colonel Simpkins time to pass the door, I emerged from my hiding-place with the intention of returning the broom to its place outside the shop, going home, and ringing Colonel Simpkins up after lunch for a good laugh.

Outside the Surgery gate stood Lady B. and a perfectly strange man in Special Constable's uniform. "I arrest you in the name of the law," he said.

"I assure you," said Lady B., "she is a perfectly respectable woman."

"If you call that respectable behaviour, Madam, I do not," said the Special.

"I thought you were Colonel Simpkins," I said. "You look exactly like him in the distance. I was only trying to warm his poor toes."

"Who is your Doctor?" said the Special, more kindly.

That stumped me. But after a moment's deep thought I said Knox was, because he is quite the grandest and most respectable doctor I know.

"Ah, the Nerve Specialist!" he said, giving Lady B. a meaning look. "Very sad."

"She's quite all right really," said Lady B. "Vague, perhaps, but perfectly sane. She's Doctor Brown's wife."

"Poor fellow!" said the Special.

In the end, Lady B. and I and the broom and the Special all went down to the Police Station, where everything was cleared up; the Special was complimented on his zeal, and I was told that I ought to know better than to waste the Police's time with silly jokes.

Of course, the story got about, and Colonel Simpkins has sent me a broom for Christmas, tied up with pink ribbon and mistletoe. We wanted a broom badly, so you see the story has a happy ending after all.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"I nearly bumped into Lady B."

CHRISTMAS PARTY, HOSPITAL VISITOR, ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement of the HON. AUDREY LYTTELTON, second daughter of Viscount Cobham, K.C.B., and Viscountess Cobham, to Mr. C. D. Ayrton Pullan, Colonial Administrative Service, only son of Mr. A. G. P. and Mrs. Pullan, has been announced.

LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY, M.T.C., second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, Wortley Hall, near Sheffield, is engaged to Wing-Commander Hugh Spence Lisle Dundas, D.F.C., A.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dundas, of Cawthorne, near Barnsley.

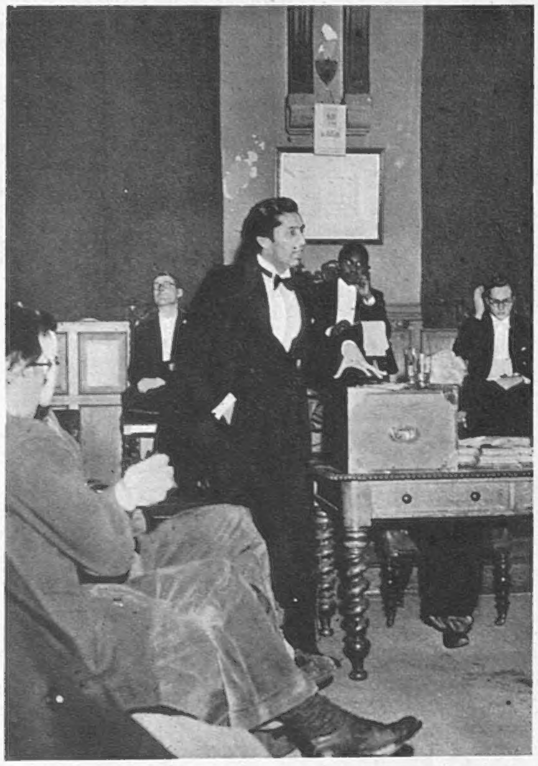
VISCOUNTESS ALLENBY, wife of Viscount Allenby, the nephew of the great Field-Marshal, is seen distributing cigarettes to a sergeant of the Canadian Air Force in an R.A.F. hospital in England.

Right: The engagement of MISS DIANA GILMOUR, A.T.S., daughter of Major Sir John Gilmour, Bt., Grenadier Guards, and Chief Commander the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, A.T.S., to Major Alexander Gregory-Hood, Grenadier Guards, has been announced.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR ALLIED NAVAL OFFICERS' CHILDREN was held at Admiralty House by Mrs. A. V. Alexander. The Prime Minister's grandson, JULIAN SANDYS (wearing striped jersey), is enjoying the Punch and Judy Show.

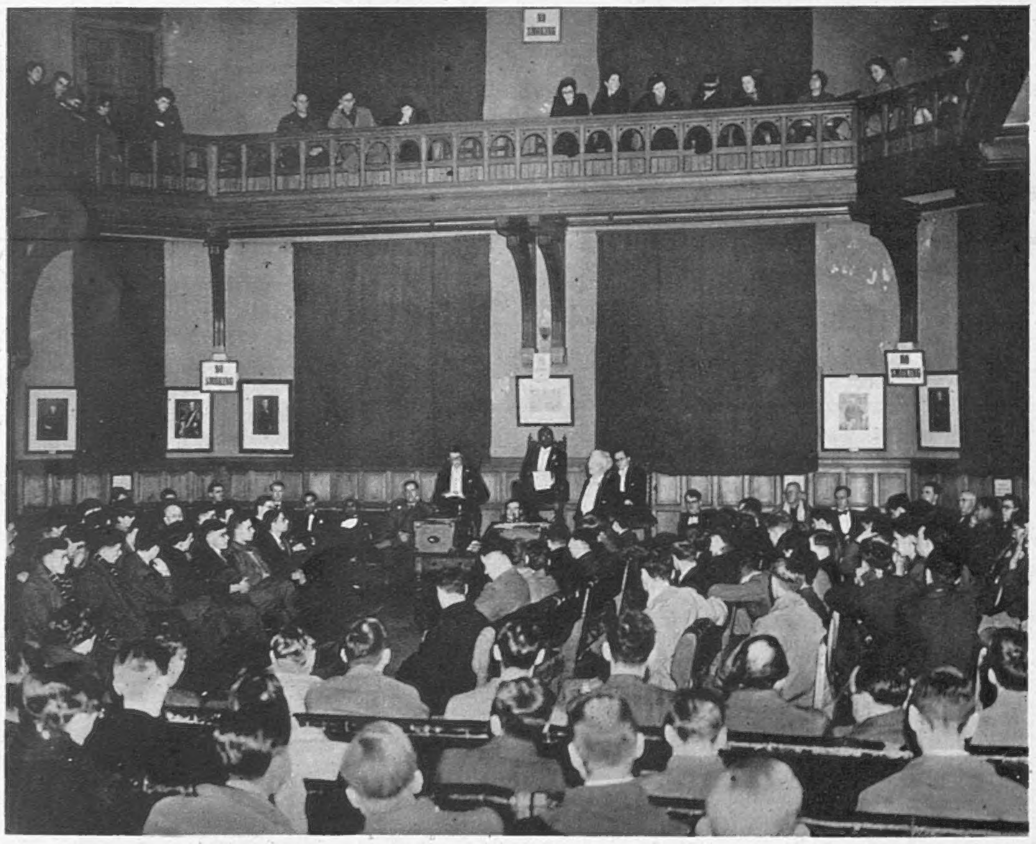
MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL (centre) attended the children's party given by MRS. A. V. ALEXANDER, wife of the First Lord, at Admiralty House. She is here coaxing JENNIFER EVISON, granddaughter of Mrs. Alexander, to talk to her.

MME. MAISKY, wife of H.E. the Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, attended the children's party at Admiralty House. She is here facing the camera with three small sons of Soviet naval officers.



"And so, Sir, I appeal to the House." MR. I. J. BAHADOORSINGH *(St. Catherine's), an ex-president of the Union, closes his speech.*

MR. RICHARD LAW, M.P., *Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, guest of the evening, opposes the motion, with (behind) the* HON. VERE ELIOT, MR. ADRIAN HEAD, MR. N. WOOLDRIDGE, LORD MONK BRETTON, *and* MR. PETER CUFFE *(l. to r.).*



General view of the Oxford Union in session: MR. SECRETARY, MR. F. A. REID *(Magdalen), at the dispatch-box, speaking. His place, which must never be empty during session, is taken by* MR. C. T. G. BLACKMORE, *senior member of the Standing Committee.*

THE Oxford Union, most famous of all debating societies, is where future statesmen try out their powers of oratory and score their initial successes in debate. Gladstone, Curzon, Birkenhead, and the present Archbishop of Canterbury are among the great personalities who spoke there as tyros. The Union is open to all Oxford students; works and votes democratically, and is the mirror of the trend of opinion among the young intellectuals. To-day it is Oxford's only undergraduate social club. Its library of 50,000 volumes, is kept up to date by the purchase of important non-fictional works. But to the outside world the Oxford Union stands for debate. Weekly meetings are held, and the procedure, like the Hall, closely resembles the House of Commons. Many distinguished people accept

[Continued opposite.

MR. JAMES CAMERON TUDOR, *of Bridgetown, Barbados, the President, declares the House to be in session. His chair was used by Gladstone.*

TRAINING GROUND FOR OUR FUTURE STATESMEN

"On a point of information, Sir!" MR. BASIL WEBB *(Queen's) objects to a remark from the mover.* *lso on the Opposition bench are* MR. RICHARD LAW, ANON C. JENKINS, MR. GRAY, MR. BRENNAN, MR. RIPPON, *and* MR. HONOUR *(l. to r.).*

MR. H. L. CLARKE *(Jesus), president-elect. In the present term he is Treasurer. He is twenty-one, and is preparing for ordination.*

, LIBRARIAN, MR. J. S. SMITH *(St. Catherine's), ings forward his weekly list of books to be purchased.*

A cross-section of the House: some 300 hon. members attended the presidential debate. Photographs and sketches of prominent former members adorn the walls. The busts are (l. to r.) the late Marquess of Salisbury, Gladstone, and the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

Continued.]
the Union's invitations to take part in debates. Since the war, Dean Inge, the Polish and Chinese Ambassadors and Lord Moyne have attended. On the occasion pictured on these pages, Mr. Richard Law, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was the guest of the evening, and the motion, defeated by 95 to 60 votes, was: "That this House, while rejoicing in the victory in North Africa, fears that the Government and People of Britain are not yet fully awake to the essential issues of the war." This was the presidential debate; only candidates to the Presidency could speak in it, apart from the guest. The president-elect, Mr. H. L. Clarke, succeeds Mr. J. Cameron Tudor, the Union's first coloured president.

HE OXFORD UNION—PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

LAST season the Hollywood actresses—bless their little hearts!—were busy dressing-up in crêpe hair and wrinkles and lace fichus, pretending to be their own grandmothers. This season the fashion has swung right round in favour of the lower age-groups. Twelve, not a hundred-and-ten, is the age to be to-day. Diana Barrymore started the new trend in "Between Us Girls." Now Ginger Rogers turns up in a smashing imitation of a twelve-year-old in "THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR" (Plaza). I say imitation, not performance. Her candid-eyed schoolgirl would not, I should say, fool any man for an instant, certainly no man as astute, distinguished and brilliant as Mr. Ray Milland. But who cares?

It is a pleasure not to be fooled by Ginger Rogers. Only an ungrateful filmgoer would question the niceties of her masquerade. It doesn't matter why she does it, or how she does it, so long as she does it. As a matter of fact, the reasons for this masquerade are not only credible, but severely functional. Susan Applegate, a country girl whose only idea is to put the miles as quickly as possible between herself and the Big City, finds she has not enough money for her ticket home. Naturally, her bright country wit, undimmed by the strain of New York's night life, suggests to her the one way of compromising with the railway company. She puts on ankle-socks, a sailor-hat and a little girl's tartan suit, ties her hair in pigtails, buys a half-fare ticket and travels as a child.

When Miss Susan's craving for a quiet smoke rouses the suspicions of a mean-minded ticket-collector, she flings herself into the nearest sleeping-compartment on the train, which happens to belong to Major Phillip Kirby, of the U.S. Army. ("The Major" and "the Minor"—get it?) The Major (Ray Milland) is on his way to instruct the cadets of the Wallace Military Academy. Although, as we have observed, he is astute, distinguished and brilliant—or could it be *because* he is astute, distinguished and brilliant?—he takes the child to his manly bosom and comforts her. There, there, child. Don't be frightened, child. Just spend the night here, child. Relax, relax, and leave everything to your Uncle Phillip.

Unfortunately, the Major's fiancée (Rita Johnson), who is also his Colonel's daughter, happens to peep through the carriage window and misunderstand the Major's avuncular tenderness. Although not a bright woman in other respects, she has the right idea from the beginning about Miss Susan. To pacify her, to prove the absurdity of the whole affair—taking a twelve-year-old child for a scarlet woman, egad! that's rich!—the Major brings Susan to the Military Academy. He introduces her, socks, sailor-hat, pigtails and all. He laughs merrily at his little joke. The Colonel laughs. The chaplain laughs. Even the Colonel's daughter laughs. Everybody laughs but Susan, who suspects that with three hundred romantic cadets about she is liable to have a sticky time—a suspicion which turns out to be most fully justified.

The nice thing about "The Major and the Minor" is that it slips very admirably between the piquant and the pure. Miss Rogers has a dewy, wondering way with her that robs an awkward situation of the least trace of offence. She is too wise an actress to over-play a scene, and too good an actress to under-play a trick. This film is just the thing, I should say, for the boys on leave, yet you can safely take your schoolgirl niece, home for the holidays.

Diana Barrymore, the original twelve-year-old girl, plays a married woman in awkward circumstances in "NIGHTMARE" (Leicester Square). Much though she dislikes her husband, a bully and a whisky addict, it is distasteful to find his body in the library of their London house, with a paper-knife through the back. It is even more distasteful, when she has hired an American gentleman burglar (Brian Donlevy) to remove the body, to find it two days later back in the original position.

This is the opening of a film that, though never credible for a moment, is entertaining in a wild, febrile sort of way. It is another of those tales of a romantic couple on the run. This odd but enterprising pair, the British widow and the American burglar—he is actually an honest gambler, bombed out from his little place off Shaftesbury Avenue, and all he has burgled is a couple of eggs from the lady's kitchen—this curious pair, as I say, commandeer an abandoned car and flee from justice to the North of Scotland. There the lady's cousin has a castle, and the cousin, just to serve her right for obstructing the police in their duty, turns out to be a Nazi agent.

Not only is he an agent, but a very ace of agents. Unknown to the Home Office, he is German by birth, adopted by the old laird at the ripe age of twelve. Unknown to Mr. Bevin, he employs three men-servants at his Scottish castle, apart from the visiting parachutists who drop in periodically from the Fatherland. Unknown to the Board of Trade, he exports Highland Bell whisky to America, with a load of explosives in every so many bottles. Unknown to everybody except Mr. Donlevy, he keeps a secret radio in the spare wheel of his car, controlled by a combination of the lighter and the dashboard.

The film goes peculiarly wild towards the end, but managed to hold my attention by a remarkable smooth performance from a Mr. Gavin Muir, who plays the Nazi agent. This Mr. Muir is a new face in films, and I should be inclined to prophesy his face will be his fortune. In speech and appearance a little like a younger Charles Laughton, he has a silky style that makes villainy a pleasure. Good menaces are rare these days, now that all the gunmen are softening up and growing whimsical. If Mr. Muir can keep up the promise of "Nightmare," he should be a busy man.

"SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU" (Empire) has the sad distinction—and it is about the only one it has—of presenting Clark Gable in what will probably be his last screen rôle for

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK." Revival, with Evelyn Laye.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell, well supported.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*Garrick: "AREN'T MEN BEASTS." Robertson Hare; Alfred Drayton in revival.

**Globe: "THE PETRIFIED FOREST." Owen Nares, Constance Cummings, Hartley Power in Robert Sherwood's entertaining play.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

**Lyric: "WALTZ WITHOUT END." Unexpected version of Chopin's life and music.

**New: Sadler's Wells season of ballet and opera. Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann. Orchestra conducted by Constant Lambert.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.

***Phœnix: "DU BARRY WAS A LADY." Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe star in mad musical comedy with Cole Porter music.

*Playhouse: "THE HOUSE OF JEFFREYS." Russell Thorndike's thriller. Sybil Thorndike, Robert Adams, Gwendolyn Gray.

**Prince of Wales: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel, Celia Lipton.

**Princes: "WILD ROSE." Jessie Matthews and Richard Hearne in lively musical comedy.

**St. Martins: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

*Westminster: Season of Shakespeare, with Robert Atkins and first-rate cast.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

PANTOMIMES.

Coliseum: "MOTHER GOOSE." Patricia Burke; George Gee; Norman Evans. *His Majesty's:* "JACK AND JILL." Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond; Eddie Gray. *Stoll:* "CINDERELLA." Nervo and Knox; Fay Compton; Naughton and Gold; Ted Ray. *Victoria Palace:* "BABES IN THE WOOD." Lupino Lane; Adele Dixon; Polly Ward. *Winter Garden:* "PETER PAN." Ann Todd; Alastair Sim.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

"To-morrow We Live" (Regal, Marble Arch, January 3) is a story of a small river port in Occupied France. The Town Mayor (GODFREY TEARLE) *is one of those who support the Nazi New Order. Yet, among fifty other hostages, he is waiting to be shot, if the saboteur of a Nazi train is not discovered. Yvonne Arnaud and John Clements also star in this film.*

"Seven Sweethearts" (Regal; Marble Arch). KATHRYN GRAYSON, MARSHA HUNT, CECILIA PARKER, PEGGY MORAN, FRANCES RAFFERTY, DOROTHY MORRIS, FRANCES RAEBURN *play the seven daughters of an eccentric Dutchman, and Henry Taggart* (VAN HEFLIN) *a young reporter in M-G-M's Frank Borzage production. Kathryn Grayson as Henry's girl has two new catchy songs specially composed for her.*

quite a time. Mr. Gable, after more than ten years of devoted service to the movies, has shaved off his moustache and gone for a soldier. After the present film, the celebrated Gable dimple and the no less celebrated Gable ears will not be on view, we are told, for the duration—except, presumably, at the Ritz, where it looks as though "Gone With the Wind" might run until Judgment Day.

Mr. Gable doesn't go for a soldier in "Somewhere I'll Find You," but he does the next best thing—he goes for a war correspondent. He goes to Indo-China and Manila, where he arrives nicely in time for the bombing. Indeed, the film ends with him dictating a dynamic dispatch from the battlefield, with the bombs screaming round him, and Lana Turner at the typewriter pounding away like anything. It is very much to the girl's credit, we feel, that even in this crisis she retains supreme mastery of her instrument, takes dictation at about 150 words a minute and doesn't have to cross out a syllable.

She gets that way because she is a journalist too—fires, fashions and a spot or two of human coverage. Or so we are frequently assured by the scenario. Actually, that final scene is the only one in which we see her set finger to typewriter, which makes her manual dexterity all the more remarkable. Her time, when it is not occupied in evacuating Chinese children into French territory, or nursing American troops in a field hospital, is pretty much taken up with kissing Mr. Gable. She kisses him in New York. She kisses him in Indo-China. She kisses him again in the Bataan Peninsula. Students of osculation will correct me if I am wrong in thinking that no film has ever had more or better kisses. These are the little amenities that make war seem worth while.

"Somewhere I'll Find You" (Empire) has the CLARK GABLE-LANA TURNER *combination again, and* ROBERT STERLING *is in it. The film is reviewed in this article.*

"DESPERATE JOURNEY" (Gaumont) keeps Errol Flynn busy for nearly two hours—or was it two years? —dodging Nazi sentries, knocking out Nazi officers and calling on his pals to be quick and get outa here. So busy is he, indeed, that he hasn't a minute for acting, hardly even for that slight elevation of the upper lip which has served him for acting in more than one emergency. The plot may remind you of "One of Our Aircraft is Missing," or of "Joan of Paris," or it may simply remind you of something your kid brother brought home from the newsagents. It is about another British bomber crew who crash in enemy territory, are helped by friendly natives, outwit the blundering Germans and arrive home with the most handsome member of the crew, at least, intact and perky. This time the scene is the Fatherland itself. Flight Lieutenant Terry Forbes (Errol Flynn) makes a forced landing in the Black Forest, sets fire to his Flying Fortress and escapes from a brief period of captivity in Nazi Intelligence Headquarters (Intelligence: Raymond Massey with a monocle), with the plans of the new underground Messerschmitt factory in his pocket.

Travelling on foot, in Goering's private railway coach, and in a staff car borrowed from the *Luftwaffe*, the friends make their way to Holland, stopping only to blow up a chemical works and perform some acrobatics on the roofs of Munster. One or two of them die by the way, but a well-chosen quorum remains, comprising Mr. Flynn (Australia), Ronald Reagan (America) and Arthur Kennedy (Canada). Against such a combination of nations, even Mr. Massey, reinforced by this time with Schnauzers, is helpless.

Some mention of Benedict Arnold is always creeping into films these days, and it is a distinct asset to "GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE" (Odeon) to know what the name implies in all its horror. For round about the middle of the film a really terrible thing happens to the luckless hero. He (Jack Benny), poor sap, has been persuaded by his wife (Ann Sheridan) to suffer the discomforts of life in a dilapidated old house on the plea that George Washington once slept there. Now he learns his sacrifice was in vain. Traitor Benedict was the sleeper, and not Truthful George. So much money has been sunk in repairs that when it is discovered that his wife has neglected to pay for the house itself, only the discovery of a genuine Washington letter saves the day.

"Wake Island" (Plaza, January 8) takes a page out of American history, is virtually a documentary. It is a visual re-enacting of the courageous defence of Wake Island, and shows the tremendous stand made by a handful of U.S. Marines against overwhelming Japanese attacks. BRIAN DONLEVY *and Robert Preston are the stars.*

LIEUT. N. L. A. JEWELL, R.N., GENERAL GIRAUD, *Commander of the French Forces in North Africa, and* CAPTAIN JERAULD WRIGHT, *U.S. Navy—for their brilliantly timed rescue and getaway from France under the Nazis' very noses.*

LYING submerged for seven days off the French coast, LIEUT. JEWELL'S submarine eventually crept into a French harbour, with CAPT. J. WRIGHT, who was in charge of the operations, aboard, and rescued GENERAL GIRAUD, his son, and other French officers, from Nazi France. Boarding the submarine, the General fell into the water. But he was rescued, and later picked up by a flying-boat. It is his third escape from German hands.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

PRIVATE MARGARET JOHNSON, A.T.S.—*for her gallant and heroic attempt at rescue from a burning 'plane.*

GENERAL MONTGOMERY—*for setting a new fashion for generals by badging his hat from his units.*

GENERAL MONTGOMERY, Commander of the Eighth Army, likes to wear the badges of many of the units whom he led in his magnificent chase of Rommel across Libya and Cyrenaica. The hat is extremely *chic*, and starts a dashing fashion.

P/O. C. HODGKINSON, *the legless pilot—for saying: "Bader can do it. Why shouldn't I?"*

PILOT OFFICER COLIN HODGKINSON, R.A.F., flies from the station where another legless pilot, the famous Wing-Com. Bader, flew. P/O. Hodgkinson lost his legs after an air accident during blind flying with the Fleet Air Arm.

SERGT. ARTHUR HENRY HALL, R.A.—*for winning the M.M., and saying: "It was all part of the job we had to do."*

SERGT. ARTHUR HENRY HALL, R.A., and lately a member of the Printing Department of *The Illustrated London News and Sketch*, has been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry while serving with the Middle East Forces. In a letter to his parents, all he said about his decoration was that it was all a part of the job they had to do. The Major of his battery received the Military Cross for his share in the same action. Sergt. Hall was called up at the beginning of the war, and served in France until the evacuation of Dunkirk. He joined the Territorials when he was sixteen.

WHEN PRIVATE MARGARET JOHNSON, A.T.S., of a mixed company of the R.A.S.C., was bringing a patient by ambulance to a reception station, she saw a 'plane in difficulties. She stopped her ambulance and, when the 'plane crashed, rushed in to rescue the occupants, though it was on fire and blazing fiercely. Her attempts were, unfortunately, unsuccessful, but it was only when both hands were badly burnt that Private Johnson ceased in her heroic work.

VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY AND THE BABIES AT BLAGDON.

View from one babies' ward to another, showing a nurse wearing a protective antiseptic mask.

VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY, *with her little adopted daughter,* LAURA. *Lady Ridley is a daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., the architect.*

Playtime for the under-three-year-olds: one of the large rooms at Blagdon, with its gay little inhabitants.

Members of the nursing staff with some of the babies: a group in the sunshine outside Blagdon.

VISCOUNTESS RIDLEY, Chairman of the Babies' Hospital, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has given part of her beautiful home, Blagdon, Seaton Burn, Northumberland, as a country hospital for mothers and their babies. This hospital has been established in connection with the research work made possible by the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust, which has recently given a grant of £15,000 towards the cost of establishing a Chair of Child Health at King's College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in association with Durham University. Lady Ridley, who is the mother of two sons, Matthew and Nicholas Ridley, has also an adopted daughter, Laura. She takes an active personal interest in the hospital.

Ebenezer, the swan, swims over for a little light refreshment: a charming conversation piece by the lake at Blagdon.

PLAGUEY PIXIES OF THE AIR: THE GREMLINS OF THE R.A.F.

A GANG OF GREMLINS AT WORK. *One knocks the machine-gun sight out of line; another chisels at the edge of the glass to let in draughts, and one at the top is thinking out fresh mischief.*

Usually GREMLINS WORK ALONE. *This specimen was invited inside by the front gunner of a British patrol bomber, and in his nasty pixie way, repaid hospitality by doing a job.*

THE GREMLINS, who are always trying to get our R.A
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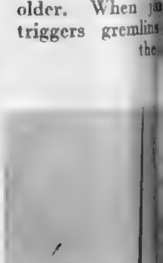
A gremlin's happiest moments are spent DANCING IN THE SLIP-STREAM OF A WIDE AND COMFORTABLE TRANSPORT WING. *Gremlins work only on combat 'planes, and those in this drawing are simply hitching a ride to their destination. With no jobs they can relax. On wings of military 'planes, however, they are always busy.*



Gremlins poke their
guns to cause inac
also ja

N.B. A Coloured plate

One of the nastiest tricks a gremlin can do is to PUNCH HOLES IN FLYING-BOAT WING FLOATS. *When the 'plane alights the float will fill with water and the 'plane list to one side.*

KIDDING THE PILOT *is important gremlin work. This oaf is making cunning noises that sound like a spluttering motor. The pilot looks worried. Another stunt is to whisper "You're flying upside down, you idiot." The pilot promptly turns the 'plane over and really flies wrong way up.*

A ys, are a kind of aerial pixie. They expend untold ingenuity on
ra ooting, failure to make a perfect landing, and any other minor
in the pilot can be laid at the door of the gremlins. They never
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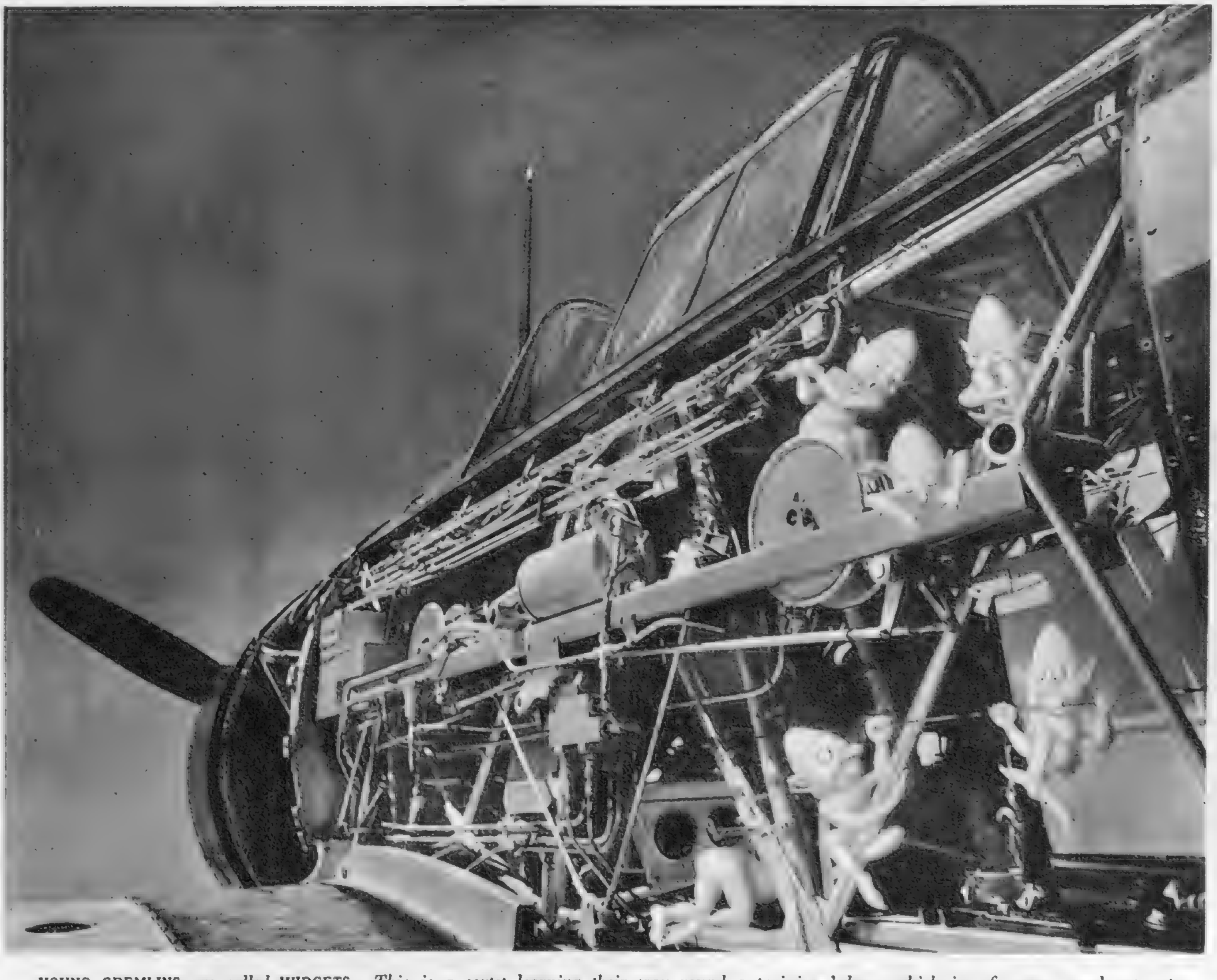

YOUNG GREMLINS *are called* WIDGETS. *This is a sextet learning their way round a training 'plane, which is, of course, used not only for training pilots, but also for training gremlins. Widget at the top is pulling out some wiring. The baby at the bottom, still teething, is biting a control cable. Others are testing and probing, and one dunce is asleep.*

ate serted in this issue.

COMPOSITE PERFECTION: THE MAKING OF THE VARGA GIRL.

JUNE BRIDE *for the Varga Calendar:* HAZEL BROOKS, *show-girl with the loveliest legs, sets a coupon-saving wedding-dress style.*

Varga's NOVEMBER GIRL *for his calendar:* MARY JANE FRENCH, *whose lovely knees were the models for the Varga Girl.*

SHOWGIRL AILEEN HELEY *posed as Patriotism for July in the Calendar. She supplied the model bust for the perfect Varga Girl.*

KAY WILLIAMS *posed by Varga for the Month of May. Her arms were the models for his composite beauty picture.*

The BEST TORSO—*seductively clothed. It belongs to* RUTH OWNBEY, *one of the "Du Barry Was a Lady" screen girls.*

THE VARGA GIRL, creation of twenty-year-old Peruvian artist ALBERTO VARGAS (he dropped the final "s" to make his name go with more of a snap), is known all over the U.S.A., where she is as popular as the David Wright Girl is in England. In order to publicise the M.-G.-M. picture "Du Barry Was a Lady," in which Varga's Calendar of the Year comes to life [with film show-girls taking the part of the Varga Girls who represent the months of the year in seasonal costumes and poses], the artist was asked to paint a composite Varga Girl, using the best and most beautiful features from the different show-girls of the film. From each living beauty he took what he thought loveliest, and produced an eclectic dream creature. On these pages we show the girls who appear in sequences of the famous Varga Calendar (it has a sale of eight million copies) from whom the artist created his composite beauty.

Close-up of HAZEL BROOKS'S ANKLES—*models for the perfect Varga Girl composite picture.*

Left: A near view of the BEST KNEES, *those of* MARY JANE FRENCH. *Her fish-net stockings are not repeatable, as they're of rubber!*

KAY ALDRIDGE *is the Varga April Girl. Her profile was used as model for the composite lovely, all-Hollywood Varga Girl.*

GEORGIA CARROLL, *chosen by* VARGA *as the girl with the most beautiful eyes. He is posing her for the January Calendar sequence.*

HEMINGWAY'S SPANISH WAR BEST-SHOT IN THE HIGH

The last dash for safety: Robert Jordan (GARY COOPER) *at the head of Pablo's depleted band.*

Pablo (AKIM TAMIROFF) *stands in the raging waters of a river gorge and pumps lead into the backs of the men of Elias's band.*

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS," Ernest Hemingway's best-seller novel of the Spanish War, is likely to prove one of the most important pictures of the year. Louis Bromfield has written the adaptation, and the film will be in Technicolor. Paramount, after much consideration, found the ideal location near Sonora Pass, in the High Sierras. Owing to Government restrictions on the building of new sets, the major part of the picture is being shot on location, which covers some 125 miles of High Sierra terrain. The bridge will be blown up there. The main studio set is the interior of Pablo's cave, which is built in sections and covers two stages. Gary Cooper, who plays Robert Jordan, is a personal friend of [Continued opposite.

Anselmo (VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF), *the ancient guide, holds the wires which will explode the dynamite under the bridge.*

Anselmo watches Robert Jordan carrying out the difficult and dangerous task of fixing the dynamite charges under the bridge.

Pablo's band at bay: Pilar (KATINA PAXINOU), *Maria, Robert Jordan and others in a battle sequence.*

SELLER: "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" SIERRA COUNTRY, U.S.A.

Members of the band of Pablo (AKIM TAMIROFF): *Maria* (INGRID BERGMAN) *and Robert Jordan* (GARY COOPER).

Mechanised warfare in the rocky, arid mountains: a procession of tanks negotiating a high and difficult pass.

Continued.]

Hemingway, and was the author's own choice for the part. It will be remembered that he starred in "A Farewell to Arms," the only other Hemingway novel to come to the screen. Many leading actors and actresses were considered for the other important rôles in the picture, and the final selections were made after careful tests. Our stills give an excellent idea of the wild and rocky country in which the mountain warfare sequences are shot. The dramatic blowing-up of the bridge is one of the high-spots of the story.

GARY COOPER *takes aim, while* VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF *watches; on the High Sierra location for the picture "For Whom the Bell Tolls."*

Anselmo, the old guide, and Robert Jordan concealed among the rocks on the arid battle terrain.

Tense moment in the heat of the combat: Maria, Robert Jordan, and Pilar keyed up to a high pitch of suspense.

"CINDERELLA," *due at the Stoll Theatre on Christmas Eve:* NERVO *and* KNOX *as the Ugly Sisters, with their hunter, Penelope.*

"*Cinderella.*" *The Prince* (FAY COMPTON) *and Cinderella* (LINDA CARROLL), *with the Ugly Sisters* (NERVO *and* KNOX).

"JACK AND JILL," *due for revival at His Majesty's Theatre on Boxing Day, December 26:* MISS FLORENCE DESMOND *as Jack.*

A LOOK ROUND THE LONDON PANTOS.

LONDON has four major pantomimes this year. Jack Hylton is reviving his "Jack and Jill," seen at the London Hippodrome last year, at His Majesty's; "Cinderella," prepared by Mr. Emile Littler, is to be at the Stoll Theatre, with Fay Compton as principal boy; "Mother Goose" in Francis Laidler's version, with Patricia Burke as principal boy, is at the London Coliseum; and "The Babes in the Wood," at the Victoria Palace, due on December 23, has Lupino Lane, Adèle Dixon, and Polly Ward in the cast.

"MOTHER GOOSE," *due at the London Coliseum on Christmas Eve:* MISS LESLEY OSMOND *as Jill, with the Goose.*

ARTHUR ASKEY *in his celebrated rôle of Big-Hearted Arthur, one of the stars in Jack Hylton's revival of "Jack and Jill."*

THE PIPES OF PETER PAN.

MISS ANN TODD *is the* PETER PAN *in this year's revival of Barrie's classic children's play, which was due on Thursday, December 24, at the Winter Garden Theatre, with Alastair Sim once more doubling the parts of Mr. Darling and Captain Hook, and Joyce Redman and Iris Hoey in the cast. Miss Todd, who is, in private life, Mrs. Nigel Tangye, has recently added yet another to her already long list of accomplishments—that of short-story writing. Two examples of her work in this direction appeared some months ago in "The Sketch."*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN the work of a creative writer it is impossible to separate the functions of the mind and the imagination, but it is roughly true that the general conception and the structure of the story are the province of the intellect, while the execution belongs to the imagination. It seldom happens that the two make a perfect partnership. Intellect is repressive; imagination is rebellious. Moreover, it is the feminine principle on which the burden of creation falls; and, conscious of this, it does not readily brook restraint.

In Mr. Joyce Cary's work, the two are most happily blended, and never has the union been more fruitful and complete than in his latest book. "To be a Pilgrim" tells the life-story of Mr. Wilcher, the eccentric old gentleman whose acquaintance we made in "Herself Surprised." The law has taken its course and Sara Jimson, his housekeeper, whom he meant to marry, languishes in prison, ironically enough, for the crime of pilfering from him; he still means to marry her when she comes out, but meanwhile he has his health to consider. His heart is weak, and some think his head is, too: so he retires to his country house, Tolbrook, in Devonshire, where his niece, Ann, a qualified doctor, undertakes to look after him. The fate of this affluent uncle is naturally a matter of concern to a number of nephews and nieces. While waiting for Sara's release, Mr. Wilcher reviews the family's history from his childhood in the 'eighties down to the present day.

An Experiment with Time.

To do this Mr. Cary uses an experiment in form which I have come across nowhere else: he dovetails the present with the past, the past which is drawing ever nearer to the present. Thus, throughout the book, Time moves onward at two different rates of speed: slowly in the case of Mr. Wilcher, the elderly invalid; rapidly as regards his parents, his brothers and his sister, now all dead. Towards the end, when the past is encroaching on the present like a train entering the suburbs of a city, we may feel momentarily confused between the two; but, on the whole, they are kept admirably distinct, and the sense of the one gaining stealthily, but inexorably, on the other is curiously exciting.

Mr. Cary, however, has not tried the experiment simply for the sake of its novelty, or for the relief it affords from the possibility of monotony in rather a long book. He achieves with triumphant success a dramatic relationship between the present and the past, and not only in regard to the characters themselves, their aspirations and their failures. For he is also able to contrast, in a most telling manner, the standards of value prevailing in the last century and in our own.

Mr. Wilcher has been, and remains, a religious man and in most things a strong Conservative. The attitude of his niece and nephew towards their marriage tie (it comes unstuck within a few months) fills him with horror, as does Ann's entire outlook on life, vaguely psycho-analytic in cast and derived, as he contemptuously expresses it, from

the little German boxes. Going to the devil as fast as she could fly. And never believing that such a thing existed as the will to evil, to cruelty, to humiliation, to lust for the spite of lust, to treachery for the pleasure of destroying faith; to malice, for the delight of stabbing innocence in the back. A devil now gathering power every day, while he quietly undermines the walls of freedom, the order of our peace.

"To be a Pilgrim."

But Mr. Wilcher's own views are not static: they are evolutionary and undergo many changes before the story reaches its close. Side by side with his nostalgia for more gracious modes of living and thinking, conflicting with and ultimately triumphing over it, is the faith summed up in the phrase "To be a Pilgrim." "The English soul is a wanderer and a seeker," and Mr. Wilcher is essentially an Englishman, outraged by many modern developments, but not dismayed by them. Himself the most humdrum, *terre-à-terre* member of his family, he salutes, and under much surface irritability, is endlessly patient with, the spirit of adventure in his brother Edward and his sister Lucy—little good, in the material sense, though it brought them.

"To be a Pilgrim" is a wonderful, many-sided novel. It contains, I think, instances of exaggeration—Robert's iconoclastic project of putting a traction-engine in the great drawing-room at Tolbrook is one—which impair the impression of reality. But it has immense variety and the mental and imaginative grasp capable of reducing in a marked degree that variety to the cohesence of a single viewpoint. And it possesses a quality which has hitherto been somewhat overshadowed by the author's superb confidence in life: I mean pathos.

With the British Army in France.

Mr. Anthony Rhodes left Cambridge, and in October 1939 went out to France with the Royal Engineers, for whom he had the job of collecting stores: his knowledge of French no doubt had something to do with his being given this appointment. He does not say so himself; he is extremely modest; and his modesty, which has a strong tinge of irony and is never irritatingly self-deprecating, is one of the many qualities which make "Sword of Bone" an enchanting book to read. Mr. Rhodes writes very nicely—very nicely indeed: when the dust-cover asserts that his is one of the most vivid descriptions of the evacuation from Dunkirk which will ever be written, we do not feel disposed to quarrel with it.

But more important, perhaps, than his literary gift, or his talent for engaging our sympathy, is his frankness. While in France he was always on the move, always in touch with the inhabitants, whether as buyer, billeting officer, guest in French houses; he went to Paris, he paid an official visit to the Maginot Line. His life was full of episodes, and extremely entertaining they are, but until he was on his way to Dunkirk nothing happened to him which could be described as a major incident, nor does he pretend that it did. He gives to his experiences just the importance that we feel they must have had, without any dressing, except that which comes naturally from a quick eye, a sensitive spirit and an unusually balanced and civilised mind. Disliking war, he is at the same time quite free from the torrential self-pity that many "intellectuals" feel when in its grip; he confesses to physical fear and takes his courage—which must have been considerable—for granted. So that when he reaches his climax, and has to describe what with every fresh account seems more like a miracle, the evacuation from Dunkirk, he has completely won our confidence, and we hang on his lightest word.

MR. JACK BILBO *is having a one-man show of paintings at the Lefevre Gallery on January 8. Jan Gordon has written a preface to the catalogue.* MR. C. B. COCHRAN, *a friend of the artist's parents, who is seen in the studio with his wife, is to open the exhibition of Bilbo's work which is impressionist, and is said to show a curious mixture of Mexican and Byzantine influence.* (PHOTOGRAPH BY KAHNOVA.)

A handful of his own countrymen, and about as many Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, cross and recross his canvas often enough for us to get to know them. They are delightfully described, and the malice he reserves for one or two gives by contrast warmth and substance to the appreciation he keeps for the others. "Sword of Bone" is an unpretentious book, but memorable for its intrinsic qualities and for the wind of Truth that blows through it.

Revolution in Illyria.

Mr. George Malcolm Thomson is almost too clever for the task he has set himself. "Crisis in Zanat" is a Ruritanian farce, in which the young Prince Basil of Illyria, third of his dynasty, nearly loses his throne in a revolution engineered by Fascist and Nazi agents. Of such nondescript appearance that few of his subjects remember what he looks like, he is a good subject for impersonation; but this is only the first tangle in a plot so thick that only the most alert reader will be able to find his way about in it. The attitude of one or two people is clear. Mr. Bullevant, the English Minister, a stickler for diplomatic correctitude, only wants to be left alone. The attractive Zoe yearns for the capital without which a girl cannot get on. The Grand Duke Victor, Prince Basil's amorous uncle, and one of the most attractive characters in the story, is appalled by the idea that he may have to mount the throne. American archæologists, genuine and spurious, dodge in and out of the whirling scene; a party of actors sent out by the British Council gets captured and held to ransom. But all this gives no idea of the sophisticated outlook, the cynical mood and the general literary ability which Mr. Thomson brings to bear on his comic operetta. Of course, he does not believe in the story's romantic side, but he does believe in its entertainment value, and his confidence is justified.

Knight-Errantry in Chicago.

Mr. Frank Gruber does not belong to the school of writers who believe that one should wind into one's subject like a serpent. His opening is more suggestive of a dog plunging into mid-stream after a stick. Johnny and Sam, when in a state of acute financial embarrassment, are asked by a beautiful girl to seek out a certain man and hit him on the nose. With a knight-errantry worthy of Don Quixote, they agree—in Chicago the age of chivalry is not yet dead. As might be imagined, the execution of their commission involves them in difficulties and dangers, including a murder. To clear their reputations, they have to tease out the tangled threads for themselves.

"The Navy Colt" is a light-hearted detective story that awakes no emotions of terror or pity. Cold, hunger, murder, blackmail, are here all robbed of their sting by the infectious high spirits which effervesce from every page.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

To be a Pilgrim. By Joyce Cary. (*Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.*)
Sword of Bone. By Anthony Rhodes. (*Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.*)
Crisis in Zanat. By George Malcolm Thomson. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
The Navy Colt. By Frank Gruber. (*Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.*)

BREATH-TAKING ASTAIRE AND HAYWORTH.

FRED ASTAIRE *and* RITA HAYWORTH'S *brilliant partnership of* " *You'll Never Get Rich* " *has been repeated for Columbia's* " YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER " *to Jerome Kern-Johnny Mercer music. In this new picture they are dancing higher, wider and more and more brilliantly than ever. They go in for bigger spins and trickier high-speed routines, and Fred revives his classic leaps over furniture,*

[Continued opposite.

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and tap-dances on tables. The " *Shorty George* " *number, pictured in three of our stills, is the most intricate dance which Fred and Rita have ever done. It took them four weeks of five-hour-a-day rehearsal before they had got to the state of perfection required for shooting. We give one studio-posed portrait of Miss Hayworth so that it may be seen that she is as beautiful in repose as she is in her dazzling flying dances.*

SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT.*

By GILBERT HACKFORTH-JONES.

THE Captain "S" of the *N*th Submarine Flotilla was accustomed to take his daily constitutional on the fore-part of the boat-deck of the depôt-ship *Santiago*, but to-day the weather made that impossible, and he was obliged to pace the narrow confines of his cabin.

Outside the wind roared and the rain slanted with all its customary fierceness; mid-November in northern waters varies between these easterly gales and spells of calm, foggy days. Perhaps it was the monotonous violence of the past days that caused the outwardly placid Baxter to fume. Many a man has cursed the day that he was born, but Baxter did not go so far as this: he cursed the year of his birth, for it was this that had landed him where he now was, in this third year of war. Too young to take part in the last war, he told himself bitterly, and too old to take a submarine to sea in this one. It was sickening to have to remain in harbour for month after month in command of this tub, ordering youngsters to sea, lecturing them on their difficulties, and communicating their reports to the Admiralty in prosaic language.

Every time he held one of his famous conferences he felt at a disadvantage. Most of the captains were by now hardened veterans, heroes of many patrols, whose drab monkey-jackets showed by little bits of coloured silk that their actions had not been unsuccessful. And he, with a virgin bosom except for a few routine decorations, was obliged to tell them what they must and must not do.

So raged Captain Baxter, though anyone looking through the cabin scuttle would not have known it. Outwardly he preserved that serenity, that fixed, purposeful manner and that air of wisdom that made him, contrary to his own assessment, much respected—no, even venerated—by those very same submarine captains.

To-day he was worried.

One of his submarines, the *Patina*, had a new commanding officer—a youngster with a brilliant record as a first-lieutenant, but who had not yet had time to find himself in the higher rank to which he had been promoted. Baxter had observed little indications that all was not quite what it might be under the new captain, and though he had every confidence that a few weeks would smooth off the jagged edges, he was bound to feel uneasy until the first patrol had been successfully surmounted. And then, to make matters worse, had come a demand for the appointment of a submarine to a venture of more than ordinary importance and correspondingly increased danger. As luck would have it, it was the *Patina's* turn on the rota—to pass her over was unthinkable; and so, twenty-four hours ago, the submarine had backed away from alongside the depôt-ship and disappeared into a horizon of blinding rain, and Captain Baxter paced his cabin waiting for news.

As the afternoon light faded into the darkness of a winter's night, he ceased from his restless movement and settled in his armchair with his book. It wouldn't be possible to say how long it was before the sound of heavy boots on the ladder outside disturbed the peace of the "cuddy." Baxter felt, as those boots approached, that something of importance was in the wind; and he was right.

The door opened violently and the oil-skinned figure of the staff officer stood before him.

"The *Patina's* returned to harbour, Sir!" he reported. "She's secured to No. 2 buoy in the outer harbour and asked for a hospital boat—the captain slipped and fractured his leg. Who shall we send in his place?"

A feeling of relief and something more stirred Baxter's mind, and, as he voiced the question, he already knew the answer.

"The spare commanding officer?" he asked.

"We sent him on compassionate leave."

"Anyone else available?"

"No, Sir—unless we recall Jones."

"I'll go myself!"

"Very good, Sir." The staff officer saluted and withdrew.

Baxter pressed the bell for his steward. "Get out my sea-going togs, Jenkins," he ordered. "I'm going to sea!"

All that night he was taking the *Patina* along at breakneck speed. A full north-easterly gale was blowing, but he cared little for that. He had twenty-four hours to make up, and thanks to his own prevision as Captain "S" in allowing plenty of time for just such an eventuality, he would still be able to get there in time.

As they roared through the night he savoured to the full the feeling of relief and power that came to him from the handling of his own command once more. To-morrow they would meet the enemy and he would have an opportunity of displaying all those finer points of under-water technique on which he had so frequently lectured to his officers. It wouldn't do to make a mess of things—it would then be the old story of "physician, heal thyself"; but he had no qualms—he felt supremely confident.

Half an hour before dawn he sent his crew to diving stations, and whilst it was still dark he took the *Patina* to 80 ft. It was a good dive, carried out as it was in that colossal sea.

As soon as he judged it to be daylight he brought the submarine to periscope-depth. A heavy sea was still running, but there were signs that the wind was abating, which was as well for his purpose, for visibility in such a seaway was limited to a few miles. If Intelligence were correct in their information, the German cruiser would not be very far away at this moment. He came nearer to the surface to increase the height of the periscope above water; there was little chance of aircraft spotting him in such a confused sea. Carefully he trained his periscope round, searching the horizon with patience; it would be very easy to miss a vessel in this weather. There was nothing there.

Breakfast over, he strolled through the boat, looking this way and that and approving of all that he saw. The control-room messenger's feet echoed on the engine-room floorplates as he came quickly aft.

"From the First Lieutenant—large vessel on the starboard bow," he reported. Baxter's heart beat quickly as he went to the control-room and took over the periscope without a word.

Yes, there she was—a 10,000-tonner and coming this way. He swept the horizon anew for screening destroyers. Yes—two, three, four destroyers. It might have been more. Careful bearings, an attempt at ranging—down periscope—full speed together—alter course twenty degrees to starboard—the orders flowed incessantly. He committed to memory a mental picture of the situation up top and bided his time as the *Patina* moved rapidly to intercept the enemy.

Slow on motors—up periscope—yes, everything in its proper place. Enemy has altered towards; so much the better—where are the destroyers? Ah!—there they are—one, two, three, four. Any aircraft about? Not that he could see. Get the torpedoes ready. He caught his First Lieutenant's eye and smiled. Down periscope. Another pause—up again, a brief peep—down periscope: the left-wing destroyer was getting a bit close—might have to go under him. Torpedoes ready? Speed of enemy? Twenty-one knots in this seaway—not more. What is the firing angle, Sub? Quietly does it now. Just a little periscope for a quick look, and then down. Nice-looking packet, that destroyer—new one by the look of it—a good weatherly boat. Down periscope. Half-speed both—take her down to 60 ft. A bit tricky, this: if the destroyer detects us it'll be a pity. Sixty feet it is. Slow both motors. There she goes overhead. Hear the propellers—wheep-wheep, whoop-whoop—getting louder and louder. Bang over the top of us now. It's now or never for him. Not this time—he's gone. Bring her to periscope-depth. Stand by the tubes. What's the angle, Sub? Up periscope. Quick look-see—nice position. Must look out for the rear screening destroyer—he could get us by putting his helm over. Down periscope. Up once more. Stand by—down again. Up periscope—sights on—here's the enemy's bows—FIRE!

Down periscope—take her down—six torpedoes gone—full speed both—hard a-starboard—we've got her all right. We must get out of this. Three terrific explosions. Stand by for depth-charges.

Crump, crump, crump, CRUMP!—last one was a bit close. Not a soul moves in the control-room—just like one of those "movie stills." CRUMP, crump, crump, crump—going away this time—a few smiles—a furtive thumbs-up sign. Crump, crump, crump, crump, CRUMP! Nearer again, dammit! Alter course to port fifty degrees. We must try to shake him off. A long silence. Looks as if we've done it!—but you never can be sure—*CRUMP*! Nasty one, that . . .

How time flies—two hours since we attacked; would have liked to have seen what we did to that cruiser. Crump, crump, crump, crump—well away to the northward. Propellers to port—stand by—getting nearer—coming right at us. Not long now—we'll soon know. Whoosh-whoosh-whoosh!—she's moving fast all right. It's now. Joke to pass the dreadful moment. An answering snigger. The propellers—fade—I think I'll have a glass of beer. The tension is relaxing—crumps well away to northward—all over, bar the shouting. Nice work, *indeed*!

The sleeper stirred in his armchair as the staff officer entered the cabin.

"What is it?" asked Baxter, his mind still full of that other world from which he had returned.

"It's the *Patina*, Sir—she's torpedoed and sunk a 10,000-ton cruiser—requests permission to return owing to injuries sustained by the Captain."

Captain "S" took the pad and wrote his reply: "Approved. Well done"; and then, as he handed it back, he said, "Make a signal to the hospital ship and warn them that an officer with a broken leg will be sent over on the arrival of the *Patina*."

The staff officer went out. "Funny thing," he confided to the Captain's secretary. "The old man seemed a bit queer—and who said anything about broken legs?"

The Paymaster nodded wisely. "The old man's feeling the strain a bit, I shouldn't wonder. It's a lousy job, his—but someone's got to do it."

[THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

By Appointment

ON THE LOOK-OUT

Those who recognise real character and flavour in Scotch Whisky are always on the look-out for "Black & White" Its quality is of the highest, its flavour unexcelled.

"BLACK & WHITE"

It's the Scotch!

WOMEN IN WARTIME

ALTHOUGH practical, mackintoshes of to-day are becoming, as they are well cut and in cheerful colours. Another thing is that many of them are provided with detachable hoods, like the model portrayed on the right from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. As will be seen, it is reinforced with a tie belt and capacious pockets. Everyone must admit that all the macs here are, to all intents and purposes, tailored, the prices being pleasantly moderate. There is a limited number of wellnigh everlasting, double-texture affairs; there could be no better investment for coupons.

FINNIGANS, New Bond Street, are warmly to be congratulated on a new garment they have introduced carried out in woolly materials, a picture of which appears above. It consists of a pleated skirt surmounted by a cardigan and vest cut in two. Of course, the simulated vest can be unfastened to reveal another accessory if desired; furthermore, the skirt may be worn with other tops. A few words must be said about dresses in contrasting colours; cherry-red and dove-grey are a much-liked alliance. A feature is also made of "dance" dresses of wool. They are extremely simple and will do duty on many other occasions.

A NEW ALLIANCE

PRACTICAL MACS

CLASSIC TAILOR-MADES

IT seems almost impossible that there could have been a time when the wardrobe never contained a tailored suit, but so it was. To Harrods, Knightsbridge, must be given the credit of the coat and skirt pictured on the right. It is well tailored, and the material is the best procurable. It is wonderful the ingenuity that has been brought to bear in the designing of the spring models; all and sundry must make a point of visiting these salons at the earliest opportunity. Something different is always to be seen in the domain of hats, those of felt being frequently provided with adjustable trimmings whereby their aspect may be completely altered.

HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

WHAT ARE VITAMINS?

No one had heard of a vitamin until a few years ago and very few people have ever seen a vitamin. But vitamins are important food factors without which no diet can be complete. The essential vitamins in the human diet are A, B_1, B_2, C and D. Vitamin A helps us to see in the dark (the vision of night-fighter pilots depends a lot on vitamin A) and it also helps to protect us from colds and other infections. Vitamin D builds firm bones and strong teeth. Vitamin C is the anti-scurvy vitamin and the vitamins B_1 and B_2 are good for the nerves and the appetite.

There is no danger of vitamin shortage if a careful selection is made from the foods available. Vitamin A is found in carrots, green vegetables, fat fish and fish liver oil; vitamin D, though short in other foods, is abundantly available also in fish liver oil; vitamins B_1 and B_2 in National Wheatmeal bread and yeast extract; and vitamin C in garden produce such as potatoes, swedes and green vegetables.

These natural foods should be included regularly in the diet.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

CROOKES'

HALIBUT LIVER OIL

D2

G.E.C. and WAR SAVINGS

"It may interest you to know that our War Savings Campaign to which I referred in my last report, has met with great success. Our employees are now contributing at the rate of £250,000 per annum, nearly twice the amount contributed in the previous year. I need hardly say our efforts are continuing."

Lord Hirst, of Witton, Chairman and Managing Director in his Chairman's Speech at the G.E.C. Annual General Meeting, July, 1942

Present rate of contribution £300,000 per annum.

Announcement of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

SHE SAVES FUEL
. . . SHE WEARS

'GOR-RAY'

WITH its side pleats tapering off from a full skirt to snug-fitting single material over the hips, this GOR-RAY skirt creation is smartness itself. Practical, too, for it permits maximum leg freedom with the amount of material it is permissible to use. And how slenderising! Sidepleat Skirts are stocked by GOR-RAY agents everywhere.

Have you seen the new GOR-RAY "ZWOW" Fastening?

Issued by C. STILLITZ,
Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire

Sidepleat Skirts

The 'GOR-RAY' LABEL IS ON THE WAISTBAND OF EVERY GENUINE 'GOR-RAY' SKIRT

Issued by the National Savings Committee